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"Enlightened minds and virtuous manners lead to the gates of glory."

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crew gratified their impulse to land; and were received by a discharge of arrows from an ambush of three hundred Indians under the command of Opechancanough, a subtle and savage barbarian, who had vigilantly watched their motions.

Each now consulted his safety by flying to the water-side, and swimming off to the barge; but one George Cassen, who could not swim well, was overtaken by the Indians, who having extorted from him the way his captain was gone, scalped him upon the spot, and then went in pursuit of Smith.

Captain Smith had gone about a dozen miles up the river, and had discovered its source among swamps and morasses. Here he left the canoe to the care of his companions, Robinson and Emery, and penetrated the woods with his gun in search of wild turkeys.

In the mean time Opedhancanough was not backward in the pursuit. He traced the course which Smith had taken, and came upon the canoe, in which he found the two men, overcome with fatigue, locked in profound sleep. These they dispatched with their tomahawks, and scalping them in haste, prosecuted their search after Smith.

It was not long before the gallant adventurer found himself beset by these barbarians; but the imminent danger to which he was exposed only animated him to more heroism, and he determined to die with a resistance worthy

his former reputation for courage. So warmly did he receive the attack of his savage enemies, that he laid six of them dead on the spot, and wounded several others. A panic seized the whole; none dared advance; and Smith keeping the Indians thus at bay, endeavouring to his canoe; but regarding his enemy more than his footsteps, he suddenly plunged into oozy creek, and stuck fast in the mire.

The Indians, astonished at his bravery, did not approach him, till, throwing away his arms, he made signs that he had surrendered, when they drew him out of the swamp, and led him to a fire they had kindled, where his slain companions were lying.

This sight admonished Smith what he was to expect. He asked for the chief of the party, and being shewn Opechancanough, he presented him a round ivory compass and dial, which he had taken with him to determine the river.

The vibrations of the needle, and the fly under the glass, which the savage chief could see but not touch afforded him much amusement; but when the wonder excited by it had subsided with its novelty, Smith was tied up to a tree, and the Indians prepared to dispatch him with their arrows. But just as an archer was drawing his bow-string, Opechancanough called to him to desist, and harangued his people in a concise speech, who formed a cir-

cle on the ground to hear him, yelling out at every sentence a diabolical cry of *Whoo whoo whoop!*

"The stranger," said Opechancanough, whom we have made captive, was sent hither by the Evil Spirit. [A cry of *Whoo whoo whoop!*] We will not tomahawk him. [A mournful cry of *Whoo whoo whoop!*] He is in league with the Evil Spirit, and by sparing his life, we may perhaps sooth his anger, and pacify his resentment." [A dreadful cry of *Whoo whoo whoop!*]

No orator of antiquity ever exceeded this Indian chief in the force of his emphasis, and the propriety of his gesture. Indeed the whole scene was highly dignified. The expression of his countenance, the enthusiasm of his tone, his significant attitudes, looking frequently up to heaven, now casting his eyes down on the ground, now pointing to the prisoner, and anon to the river; his rude costume, naked arm, and erect stature, with a circle of auditors seated on the ground, and in the open air, could not but impress Smith with a lively idea of the celebrated speakers of ancient Greece and Rome.

Opechancanough was a person of distinction. He was brother to Powhatan, a powerful king of Pamunkey, whose will was a law among his numerous subjects. To Powhatan he formed a resolution of delivering his prisoner, but first he wished to lead him in show and triumph about the country. For this purpose they bent their course towards Orapakes, lying on the upper part of Chickahominy swamp, from whence they had come. The Indians in their march drew themselves up in file, and Opechancanough walked in the centre, having English swords

and muskets carried before him. Smith followed the chief, led by a couple of Indians, holding him fast by each arm; and on either side went six in file, with their arrows cautiously notched.

When the Indians had arrived within hearing of the town, they set up different cries to give their countrymen notice of their expedition. They uttered six dismal yells to announce that six of their party had been slain; and sent forth one war-hoop to proclaim that they had brought home a prisoner.

The yell of these Indians resembled the sound of *Whoo whoo whoop!* which was continued in a long shrill tone till their breath was exhausted, when they suddenly paused with a horrid shout. The war-hoop was a cry yet louder, which they modulated into notes, by placing the hand before the mouth. They could be both very distinctly heard at a considerable distance.

It was evening when the Indians approached with their captive the town of Orapakes. It was composed of three rows of wigwams, and that of Wampanoag, the chief warrior, was at least forty feet in circumference, and very commodious. The moon walking in brightness through a cloudless sky, the fire-fly was on the wing, and the melancholy note of the Muckawiss was heard from the woods*.

The whole of the village came out to learn the particulars of what they had only heard in general terms; and now a widow was to be seen mourning for her hus-

* The Muckawiss was afterwards named Whip-poor-will by the English, from the fanciful assimilation of its cry to those words.

band, a mistress bewailing her lover, and children crying for their fathers.

But unspeakable was the astonishment of the women and children on beholding the prisoner, who was so unlike any human being they had ever before seen. They gazed with speechless wonder at him; some clasping their hands in dumb admiration; some contrasting the redness of their own colour with the whiteness of his; and others unbuttoning his clothes and buttoning them again with a loud laugh.

The men, however betrayed, or affected to betray, no emotions of surprise. The old people sat with stoical composure in separate circles on the ground smoking their calumets by moonlight, and conversing with profound gravity; while the young fellows pursued the exercises that engaged them; shooting arrows at a mark, throwing the hatchet, wrestling, and running. All the domestic drudgery devolved on the women. Of these some were busied in splitting wood, some bearing logs from the forest, and some kindling fires.

Smith was conducted to the wigwam of Wampanoag, which was illuminated by a blazing fire of wood. It was the constant employment of several little girls to feed it with pine knots; and a supply of fuel was brought from time to time by a stout blind Indian man, who, with a load on his back was led about by a boy.

The wigwam was the seat of mirth and jollity. A number of squaws approached the prisoner, and forming a circle round him, joined hands, and began to dance. Their long black hair floated down their backs, and heightened the natural grace of their motions.

The dance was succeeded by a supper, prepared by the matrons. And Smith was so plentifully feasted with bread and venison, that he suspected their intention was to fatten and eat him.

Smith passed the night in the wigwam of Wampanoag, where he was witness to the mode of carrying on an Indian intrigue. When Wampanoag and his family were snoring on their mats, a young Indian stole softly through the door, walking on hands and feet. Smith who was not ignorant of the implacable resentment of the Indian character, suspected it was some assassin coming to revenge the death of a relation; and seizing a tomahawk that lay on the ground, he prepared to resist him; but he soon discovered that a softer passion than revenge stimulated the breast of the nocturnal visitor. The Indian gently approached the dying embers of the fire, and, lighting a splinter of wood, advanced with great caution towards a young squaw, who was reposing in the wigwam; he then uncovered her head till she waked, or pretended to wake. The nymph rising up, the lover held to her the light, which he had carefully concealed in the hollow of his hand; and which she immediately blew out. This act inflamed the respectful lover to boldness; for it evinced that the heart of his mistress was not cruel.

It is not to be supposed that the slumbers of Smith were very soft; but, however he might have been inclined to sleep, the horrid noises that prevailed through the night in the village would have rendered it impracticable; for the relations of those whom he had slain never remitted their yells,

but when one was exhausted another prolonged the clamour.

The next morning an Indian, whose son during the night had been seized with a delirious fever, attempted to kill him, but was prevented by the guard. The superstition of the savages had ascribed his son's disorder to the sorcery of the prisoner, whom the Indians conducted to the dying youth, imploring he would recover him. Smith, having examined the fellow, assumed a profound look, and informed the by-standers that he had a water at James Town, which, in such a disorder, never failed to produce a cure; but Opechancanough had more cunning than to allow him to go and fetch it.

Smith found the Indians at Orapakes making the greatest preparations for an assault upon James Town. To facilitate their designs, Wampanoag demanded his advice and assistance; holding out to him the alluring rewards of life, and liberty, and lands, and woman. But he represented the danger of the attempt, and described the springing of mines and great guns, with such an aggravation of horror, that the hearers were exceedingly amazed and terrified. And then he persuaded some of them to go to James Town, under the pretence of obtaining beads; and in the leaf of his pocket-book he apprized colonists of the warlike preparations of the besiegers, directing them to affright the messengers with the explosion of bombs, and not to fail sending the things that he wrote for. Within three days the messengers returned, greatly astonished themselves, and filling the hearers with astonishment, at the dreadful explosions they had witnessed; nor less wonder-

ing how the prisoner could divine, or make the paper speak; for all things were delivered to them as he had so solemnly prophesied.

The meditated attack upon James Town being laid aside, Opechancanough led Smith in triumph through the country, exhibiting him with high exultation to the Youghtanunds, and Mattaponies, the Piankatauks & Nantaughtacunds. They afterwards conducted him through the country of the Nominies; and when for several weeks he had raised the wonder of some and provoked the laughter of others, they brought him to Opechancanough's chief settlement on the river Pamunkey. The curiosity of the women was here again excited; and the Indians, in conducting him through the croud, performed with triumphant antics their military exercise; throwing themselves into a war-dance with every distortion of body, and yelling out the most diabolical screeches and notes.

Here Smith was confined three days in a separate wigwam; during which time the inhabitants came in crouds with frightful howlings and hellish ceremonies, conjuring him to declare whither he intended them good or ill. After this they brought him a bag of gun-powder, and desired to know what kind of grain it was; for they judged it to be the produce of the earth, and carefully preserved it to plant the next spring.

At length captain Smith was conducted to Werowocomoco, where Powhatan, the Indian emperor, lived in savage state and magnificence. When he was brought into the royal wigwam, he found the king sitting upon a wooden throne, elevated consid-

erably above the floor, before a large fire, clothed in a flowing robe of racoon skins, and wearing on his head a coronet of feathers; at each side of him sat a young squaw, to whom all the other women observed a profound deference, and along each side of the wigwam was a row of his counsellors painted and adorned with feathers and shells. There were two courtiers in waiting; Opitchapan, a chief war-captain, and Kahoky the high priest. Opitchapan was a man of imposing appearance. The hair of his head was shaven, except a patch about the crown, which was fancifully ornamented. His ears were pared, and stretched in a thong down to his shoulders. He had a large feather through the cartilage of his nose, a tablet over his breast made of a shell, and to his girdle was hung an otter's skin, of which the tail was fastened between his legs. He was a tall straight man, with black lank hair of a copper colour complexion, but no beard. He had a tomahawk hanging to his girdle on one side, a scalping knife at the other, and a quiver on his back.

The habit of Kahoky differed little from that of Opitchapan; but his face and body were grimed over with soot.

When Smith entered the royal wigwam the whole court gave a shout; and the queen of Appamattox presented him water to wash, while one of the concubines left the throne, and brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a towel to dry himself.

The person of Smith was tall graceful, and manly. He had an eye to command, to threaten or soothe. His aspect bespoke a man ready to face his men, yet

capable of moderation; a character comprehending both firmness and refinement; blending taste with energy, and while ready to hit, yet able to forbear. It was a countenance that indicated a mind not easy to be deceived, and ever disposed more to suspicion than credulity. His vigorous, active figure qualified him eminently for the exercises of the field. It resembled more the graceful manliness of the Belvidere Apollo than the robust structure of the Farnese Hercules.

The influence of the passions is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast; hence love operates in the same manner throughout the world, and discovers itself by the same symptoms in the breasts of beings separated by an immeasurable ocean. When Smith appeared before Powhatan, the first impression he made decided favorably for him on the minds of the women. This his knowledge of the sex soon discovered. But there was one young girl who could not conceal those emotions of which the female bosom is so susceptible; she cast at him looks of mingled tenderness and pity; and when the prisoner, defenceless and bound, sustained the frowning threats of the haughty monarch, tears burst from her eyes, and lamentations from her lips. It is in vain to attempt opposing the inroads of the Blind-God: the path of love is a path to which is no end, in which there is no remedy for lovers but to give up their souls.

This tender girl was the daughter of the Indian monarch. She was of a delicate form, but admirably proportioned. Her fine dark eyes beamed forth that moral sense, which imparts a magic to

every look, and constitutes expression. There was a dash of melancholy in her countenance more interesting than smiles. It denoted a vacancy of heart; the want of some one object on whom to fix her affections. There was a delicious redness in her cherub lips, a red a little riper than that which burnt on her cheek, and the nether one somewhat fuller than the other, looked as if some bee had newly stung it. Her long black hair emulated in colour the glossy plumage of the eagle, and reflected the like lustre at different exposures to the light. It flowed in luxuriant tresses down her comely back and neck, half concealed the polish & symmetry, the rise and fall, of a bosom just beginning to fill. She was called Pocahontas. In a word, if not so beautiful as Venus, she was more simple than her doves, and her voice was not less sweet than the song of a seraph.

The same night a long and serious consultation was held by the king and his counsellors, when a large stone was brought before Powhatan, and several men assembled with clubs in their hands. The lamentations of the women admonished Smith of his destiny; who, being brought blindfolded to the spot, his head was laid on the stone, and the men prepared with their clubs to beat out his brains. The women now became more bitter in their lamentations over the victim; but the savage monarch was inexorable, and the executioners were lifting their arms to perform the office of death when Pocahontas ran with mournful distraction to the stone, and getting the victim's head into her arms, laid her own upon it to receive the blow. Fair Spirit! thou ministering Angel at the

throne of grace! if souls disengaged from their earthly bondage can witness from the bosom of eternal light what is passing here below, accept, sweet seraph, this tribute to thy humanity.

Powhatan was not wanting in paternal feeling; his soul was devoted to his daughter Pocahontas; and so much did his ferocity relent at this display of her innocent softness, that he pronounced the prisoner's pardon, and dismissed the executioners. Indeed every heart melted into tenderness at the scene. The joy of the young princess expressed itself in silence; she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, weeping with a violence that choked her utterance.

The flame of love was now lighted up in the bosom of the Indian maid. Not content with the simpler graces of nature, she diversified the strings of coral that encircled her neck, suspended to her ears the most brilliant of the humming-birds and interwove the gayest flowers of the spring with the streaming tresses of her hair. In the variations that marked the adjustment of her hair she displayed no little coquetry. One while she would suffer it to riot down her comely neck and shoulders, shading, but not hiding the protuberance of her bosom; and anon she would braid it close up behind, while the string of flowers that encircled it was lost in its profusion. And then gay and conscious; she would steal to the clear stream, and gaze at her image reflecting below.

Her passion discovered itself by a thousand wild charms. She would lead captain Smith by moonlight to the falls of the river, where lulled into a delicious

languor by the melody of the mock-bird, and the cadence of the stream, she would lay before him the spoil that her lovers had presented to her; the trophies of warriors, and the laurels of princes. She would then point to the east, and, looking up at him tenderly, endeavor to learn by signs whether he was content to be with her, or again wanted to cross the wide-rolling ocean.

To all this loveliness and innocent art captain Smith replied with smiles' but they were smiles he imposed on his countenance, and not those of passion. The object of his heart was the colony he had founded, and intent only upon this, he sat musing and abstracted amidst the endearments of the princess.

About a week after the interposition of Pocahontas between captain Smith and the war-club of the ferocious executioners, her brother Nantaquas returned from a journey beyond the mountains. The joy of Pocahontas was unspeakable at his return. She would fondly embrace him, wind round him her arms or hanging to his shoulders, look up at him with bewitching sweetness. But Nantaquas little regarding her endearments, was lost in motionless abstraction at the vision of captain Smith, his figure, colour, speech, and costume.

Nantaquas set down before the fire of the royal wigwam, and began to smoke his pipe in solemn silence. It was to no purpose that Pocahontas, throwing into her looks the utmost softness and affection, enquired his adventures. His eyes were rivetted to Smith, and curiosity triumphing, he demanded from his sister the history of the stranger.

It was then the sweet girl re-

lated to him the whole of his story, with every amplification of penegyric that untutored tenderness could suggest. She told him how he had traversed the wide waste of water, from regions not dreamed of in the speculations of their forefathers; how he had been surprised by Opechancanough, and with what intrepidity he had defended himself against a disparity of force; how he had been led by her father to the block and how she had run between him and the uplifted tomahawk.

It was then the emotions of the young red warrior discovered themselves in all the ebullition of native greatness. He first tenderly embraced his sister for her sensibility, and running to captain Smith, fell on his neck with mingled rapture and admiration.

During this interesting spectacle Powhatan entered the wigwam accompanied by his chief war-captain and high-priest. He seemed pleased with the friendship which Nantaquas felt for captain Smith, and said to the youth, "My son. I have granted the white man his life, that he may make hatchets for you & beads for your sister.

No sire!" replied the prince, "Life without liberty is only a burden! Let the stranger return to his expecting countrymen. He has not injured us; he has taken nothing by force. He wants only a little ground; you can easily spare it."

Powhatan was about to reply, when a naked red boy ran into the wigwam, and called to the young prince that a wood-pelican had just lighted upon a cypress before the door. Nantaquas did not stop to here more, but, seizing his bow and quiver, with a shrill and terrible whoop,

He bounded out of the wigwam.

The pelican was sitting solitary and sad upon the topmost limb of a tall dead cypress tree. His neck was contracted and drawn in upon his shoulders, and his beak rested like a long scythe upon his breast. The young red warrior dispatched him with his bow, and the bird came tumbling down among the dead branches of the tree.

Pocahontas ran out to see the impaled bird. Nantaquas was cutting him up with his scalping knife, and had already pulled out the bag or pouch under his throat a young rattle-snake and a frog.

The tail of the bird, which was large and white, was the object of Nantaquas's avidity; and he gave it to Pocahontas to stain its feathers with a zone of red, and construct from it a royal standard for his file of red warriors when he next went to battle.

It was the custom of Powhatan, when he was weary of his women to bestow them among those of his courtiers who had ingratiated themselves into his favour; nor could his servants be more honoured than by this mark of his esteem.

Powhatan had conceived a very high predilection for captain Smith. He had caused his person to be adorned with a robe of racoon-skins, similar to that which he wore himself; and when he was gladdened with the possession of the two women who sat at his throne, he signified it to be his royal pleasure to consign one of them to his guest.

No sooner did this intelligence reach the ears of the squaws, then a bitter controversy took place between them respecting which of the two was the more worthy

of pre-eminence. Jealousy cannot, like other passions, be restrained by modesty or prudence: a vent it will have; and soon it burst forth from these women with the impetuosity of a torrent. They had neither nails nor fingers enough to scratch with, nor a volubility of tongue sufficient to deliver the abuse that laboured with convulsive throes to come forth from their bosoms.

At length Powhatan separated the combatants, and told captain Smith to make his choice. But captain Smith, who was a man that never forgot the respect due to himself declined with cold civility the honour his majesty intended him; to the unspeakable joy of Pocahontas, who had awaited the event in solitude and tears.

The friendship of Nantaquas for captain Smith grew now stronger every hour, and one day he accosted Powhatan on the subject of his release, in the presence of the high priest and chief war-captains.

"My father, and you, O warriors," exclaimed the young prince, "lend an ear to my discourse. The white man who here stands before you, was never outdone by the red. He is intrepid in war, and active in the chase. He will swim all day, drag his canoe against the falls, and is always on his guard against surprize from an enemy."

The whole harangue from the young prince, was accompanied with corresponding action. One while he would represent a man pushing forward a canoe with a pole, and anon paddling with an oar; sometimes he seemed out of breath, and then resuming his spirits, became more calm.